This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke.
The seas toſt *Pericles*, appeares to ſpeake.

Exit Gower.

Enter Pericles on ſhipboord.

Per. The God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou haſt
Vpon the Windes command, binde them in Braſſe
Hauing cald them from the deepe. O ſtill
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: O how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the Sea mans whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Ludina*, oh!
Diuineſt patroneſſe, and my wife, gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, conuey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, may ſwift the pangs
Of my Queenes trauailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lych. Heere is nothing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

Per. How now *Lychorida*?

Lych. Patience good ſir do not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heere's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A little Daughter, for the ſake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away?
We heere below, recall not what we giue,
And therein may vſe honour with you.

Lych. Patience good ſir, euen for this charge.

Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy condition;
For thou art the rudelieſt welcome to this world,

That

That euer was Princes childe: happy
Thou haſt as chiding a Natiuity,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Hea
To harold thee from the womde:
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is more then
Thy portage quite, with all thou can
Now the good Gods throw their be

Enter two Sayler

1. *Sayl.* what courage ſir? God ſau

Per. Courage enough, I do not fea
It hath done to me the worſt: yet for
Of this poore infant, this freſh new ſ
I would it would be quiet.

1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins there; tho
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.

2 *Sayl.* But ſea-roome, and
kiſſe the Moone: I care not.

1 *Sayl.* Sir, your Queene muſt oue
The ſea workes hie, the winde is lov
And will not lye till the ſhip be clear

Per. That's your ſuperſtition.

1. Pardon vs ſir; this is a lye with
ſerued And we are ſtrong in eaſterne

Per. As you thinke meete, for ſhe
Moſt wretched Queene.

Lycher. Heere ſhe lies ſir.

Per. A tirrible child-bed haſt thou
No light, to fire, the vnfriendly Elen
Forgot thee vtterly nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue
Muſt caſt thee ſcarſely coffind in oa
Where for a Monument vpon thy bo
The ayre remaining lampes, the beleh
And humming water moſt ore- whe
Lying with ſimple ſhels: O *Lychori*
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, Incke a
My Casket and my Iewels, and bin

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22337) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.40)